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LAW AND LOVE
AND OTHER POEMS
E·J·V·HUIGINN



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LAW AND LOVE

AND OTHER POEMS

E. J. V. HUGINN



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To My Wife
Madeleine Clinton Huiginn

CONTENTS

Law and Love.....	7
Credo.....	13
Life, Light and Love.....	15
Phillips Brooks.....	16
Three Mothers.....	17
Vernette.....	18
Boyhood.....	19
One Time, A Friend.....	24
Innocent.....	25
Tempted.....	26
Repentant.....	27
Forgiven.....	28
God's Sweetest and Best.....	29
Shadows.....	30
Constancy.....	32
To a Flirt.....	33
One and One.....	34
Life's Glory.....	35
A Poet's Love.....	36
A Valentine.....	38
The Test.....	39
Impossibility.....	40
The Weaver.....	41
The Last Sunrise.....	42
St. Columbkille.....	43
Cambyes and the Judge.....	46
Dottie.....	48
The School Marm.....	50
The Candidate.....	51
The Eyes of God.....	54
Religion and Science.....	55

God's Book	61
Paul's Apology	62
My Friend and I.....	63
Friendship.....	64
Unshaken.....	65
When the King Rides In.....	66
Slander	67
Scandal.....	68
The Fool.....	69
Miserere.....	70
God's Angels.....	71
The Wanderer.....	72
With What Measure Ye Mete.....	76
Up to the Hills.....	77
Adieu	79
Rest.....	80
Weep not for Me.....	81
A Minister's Prayer.....	82
Seeking and Finding.....	83
Christus Victor	84
To Dr. S. J. M. (Boston)	104
My Soul and I.....	105
The City Streets at Night.....	107
The Day.....	113
The Judge	114
Reims.....	115
Edith Cavell.....	116
To America.....	117
Suspiria.....	118
The Last Sunset.....	119

LAW AND LOVE

The grief my words at times reveal
Is sprung from Nature's deeps of woe,
It haunts my soul, and oft I feel
'Tis wisdom knowledge to forego,
Che sara sara, grief is vain,
And sin is sin, and pain is pain.

I see the men for whom I'd die
Besteeped in sin, as if the world
He made, whose name is I am I,
Were from a heart of fury hurled,
And scarred and blackened all with crime,
And doomed to sin through endless time.

I've searched for light to guide me on,
I've sought for strength to bear the shame
That burdens all, that crushed the Son,
I've called on every sacred name
To let me know if all of life
Be summed in sin, and care, and strife;

If love be but the nameless thing
I see around, if nowhere truth
In men can be, and oh! I cling
In trembling terror to the youth
I spent in days long gone when I
For truth and love would gladly die.

Oh! do not deem, although I tell
The story of my grief to you,
That all the woes of earth and hell
Could blind my soul to what is true,
I'd gladly bear the crown of thorns,
The scourge, the cross, the hate, the scorns,

If in the agony to be
The earth might rest in love and peace,
But God has tried the task and he—
Aye he—has failed to bring release;
I pity man, I pity God,
I've walked the ways that Anguish trod.

Oh, yes, they say that man must be
Controlled to gain his higher good,
And law must rule, or Liberty
Will fail to save the multitude!
Well, let them boast their Pilate's plea,
Their laws shall never rule o'er me!

They stood around, the cursèd throng,
And glared upon her naked shame,
The man undoomed! Ah, God, the wrong
Man's justice does Thy Sacred Name!
They doom the helpless concubine
And call their laws of horror Thine!

By law the rich consume the poor,
A thousand starve that one may feast,
Earth's wearied peoples still endure
The hand of mouldered king and priest,
The licensed pander stalks abroad,
The brothel stares the house of God.

By law the babe must still be born
Or bear the darkening brand of shame,
By law the mother's heart is torn,
By law the lover gives his name
To one who loathes,—I tell you then
I live not by the laws of men!

The laws of men! I lift my face
To all the world, for I was born
The offspring of a dauntless race
Who falsehood and dishonor scorn,
Nor will I yield my soul's control
But to the Maker of my soul.

The sullen deeps of passion moan,
The wind is rising,—God is Just,—
Ah, woe betide! the seed is sown,
The bridal bed a field of lust,
Love, honor, in the demon power
Of rabble voters of an hour!

My spirit faints in me, the awe
Life wove about my youth is gone,
And love is loveless by the law,
And bells of death keep tolling on,
But men are blind, they will not see
The wrong they do so fearlessly.

The wrong they do, for love is clay,
And clay the end of the command—
To love, to honor, and obey,
And this they do not understand,
Now let dishonor honor be;
And death be life, 'tis one to me.

I cannot yield my soul to death,
Nor barter honor for a smile
From lips polluted with the breath
Of polished falsehood to beguile
My love from me,—My King, to you
I gladly all I am subdue.

On you the passions of the race
Tore down in hatred's wildest storm,
They crowned with thorns your bleeding face,
And crucified your tortured form,
While earth, convulsed with horror, saw
The ghastly fruits of priestly law.

For me, at length, the sun had set,
My bark was far upon the main,
I'd banished hope without regret,
And buried all that life had slain,
When in the darkness on the deep
One came to me in fevered sleep.

One came,—but oh! how can I tell
His glory! lips betouched by fire
And sanctified by Heaven might well
His praises sing in angel choir,
But all the angels could not sing
The joy that he to me doth bring,

The faith, the hope, that spring in me,
The rapture of eternal peace.
Such light as ne'er on land or sea
Was seen, or can be seen, release
From every ill, the love unpriced
That glorified the face of Christ.

And if at times my heart may fail,
And doubt and darkness on me fall,
And Christ be dead without avail,
And Sin triumphant lord of all,
Then, then, I see upon the deep
The face that came to me in sleep;

And all the doubts and darkness flee,
And all the pain of life is dead,
The grave has lost the victory,
His heel is on the lifeless head,—
All, all before him prostrate fall,
The King of love is Lord of all!

CREDO

Yes, I am pleased with the world, though not
quite in love with its sins;
Its lust and its rapine are stains, but these
were not fashioned in heaven
'Tis easier far to be bad than be good, for
nature is bad,
And man has corrupted himself and an heir
of corruption is born—
The ages in prayer and in chant, and in creed
and in sermon have held.
That man is in natural sin, God-ordered at
war with his God,
And loving the bad from his birth, a creature
of whimsical wrath,
Bought out by a murderous deed from the
wrath of a love without bounds—
No, no; such a creed is all false and unjust to
the Giver of life!
The war is in man with himself as he fashions
through instincts of right
His soul like his God, and stumbles and falls
by the way,
For the task is immense and Godlike, and frail
is the nature that strives.

My creed then is simple and strong, that God
is the Ruler of all,
And never has cursed even one, not the sin-
fullest ever that lived,
But knows in his patience and might that love
is the fountain of life,
And life must go back to its source because
infinite love must prevail,
And God is the essence of love and at last
must be Lord over all.

LIFE, LIGHT AND LOVE

O Life that in all being glows,
Sublime in all Thy hallowed ways,
My life from Thee with Thine enclose
And sanctify through endless days!

O Light of Light to all mankind,
The darkness in my life remove,
Enlighten Thou mine inmost mind
That I to all Thy light may prove!

O Love that fillest every heart,
So purge me with Thy sacred flame
That I to others may impart
The glory of Thy wondrous name!

O Life, and Light, and Love of all,
By whom, in whom, for whom we live,
Grant us Thy grace who on Thee call
Our all for Thee and Thine to give!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

I opened all the windows of my soul,
Flung wide its doors and let the light stream in
That came through him from God. In me
no sin
Could then abide; no waywardness control
My thoughts, or words, or deeds. God's
Spirit moved
Most mightily my life through his great life,—
Himself controlled by Christ, who mid the
strife
And questionings prevailed, and dying proved
The mightiness of love.

A man indeed
Was he Christ-hearted in his ways! So true!
Forgetful of himself God's image grew
In him to richest bloom. The Master's creed
In him triumphant lived, and still in death
He makes me throb with his undying faith.

THREE MOTHERS

Heart of a mother, longing in vain
For the sweet little baby that never is born,
Who will give ease to thine infinite pain,
Heart of a mother yearning forlorn?
Only the voice of a baby can bring
Joy that will make thy heart, mother, to sing.

Heart of a mother, bleeding and crushed,—
Dreadful is Death as he scatters despair,—
A week ago baby's sweet cooing was hushed,
The babe that thou claspest in dreams is of air;
Only the God of the baby can bring
Hope that will make thy heart, mother, to sing.

Heart of a mother, mangled with shame,
The baby at length is grown to a man,
The grave of a felon is marked with his name,
Alas! Who can help thee? He alone can
Who died as a felon to take to his breast
The felon and outcast and bring them to rest.

VERNETTE

Little sweet-heart of the Christ,
Baby dearest, all unpriced,
 God again renews in thee
 All this wondrous world for me,
Sanctifying our sad earth
With the mystery of thy birth,
 And with thy angelic face
 Brightening every darkened place.

Baby dearest, God's own bloom,
Thou dost drive away all gloom,
 Laughing, smiling, all day long
 Cooing God's undying song.
Flower of the eternal love,
Thou his deathless care dost prove,
 From his own all-holy life
 Blessing all our earthly strife.

"Little Christ," whose tiny voice
Echoes God's while we rejoice,
 Beam of God, whose warming rays
 Fill our hearts with joyous praise,
Preach to us our Father's will
Conqu'ring every shape of ill,
 Make us all but him forget,
 Breath and bloom of God, Vernette!

BOYHOOD

Last night I sat upon the hill
Where he and I had often met,
In vain I strove against regret,
And tried to curb my wandering will;

My will, which urged me to retrace
The days and scenes when he was there,
And life was joy, and grief and care
Were strangers to my lifted face.

But who o'er death hath any power?
Our disembodied thoughts survive,
Our buried heartaches are alive
And calmly wait their destined hour.

For Nature tells us nothing dies,
'Tis true in all the things we see,
And still more true it needs must be
In things beyond our earthly eyes.

His will and memory who can bind?
My thoughts and feelings strove in vain,
Those days far back I lived again,
For memory brought them all to mind.

Like olden ghosts they came at will.
They wrapped me in a sombre gloom,

As if I lived within a tomb
Of moaning souls—unhappy still.

I saw the day when hope arose
And he I loved was by my side,
And urged me that whate'er betide
No life that lives can seek repose;

And while I listened, filled with awe,
He bared the yawning deeps of life,
The sins, the agonies, the strife,
And God, and love, and human law.

I was a boy in years and mind,
But filled with all a boy's desires,
And heated by ambition's fires
For fame, the sport of every wind.

He loved me in my youthful pride,
I was to him an open book,
He spoke his love in every look,
And strove my eager steps to guide.

He stands beside me now again,
His face is still alight with love,
What greatness in me now can prove
I've kept the word I gave him then?

O Life so full of toil and care,
O Days that pass to come no more,

What bring I to that other shore
Of all I vowed to do and dare?

I wonder if the glowing face
That wandered o'er the Syrian land
To-night would smile, and reach a hand,
And leave with me His peace and grace!

How swift a boy to hope and plan,
To raise his castles, and extend
His power, and, while his thoughts ascend,
From higher heights the world to scan

With heart aflame and eyes aglow,
While every ill he puts in thrall,
And pours with lavish hands on all
The gifts that from his bounty flow!

'Twas thus with me, outreaching far,
My soul expanded more and more,
And longed, as Christ might, to restore
Things that should be for those that are,

And forward send through endless days
That wait their birth the power to be
At one in all with Deity
And throbbing with his love and praise.

O wondrous strivings of a boy!—
Of all the glories of our race
Not least is thine enkindled face
Aflame to crown the world with joy.

The generations come and go,
Their woes in part they leave behind,
But will their blessings to mankind,
Which deeply root and spread and grow

In every age from sire to son,
And Progress thus divinely runs
Through all the cycles of the suns
Until God's mountain-tops are won:

And thus the race triumphantly
Is rounded to the perfect plan,
The archetypal thought of man,
The Logos of Eternity.

O hills that sentinel the lands,
What hoary memories round you cling,
What myths and tales of gods ye bring,
And shouting hosts and lifted hands,

And beacons blazing swift alarms
To dwellers in the vales below,

To warn of the approaching foe,
And call the clansmen all to arms;

And greatness fading fast away,
And nations rising but to set,
And dying races!—ah! regret
Would kill you could you feel and say

What woes, what crimes your eyes have seen,
Since first ye hailed the rising sun,
And he declared his work not done
Until he'd mantled you in green!

O hills that everlasting stand!
To-night I feel at one with you,
And pass along in swift review,
The kindred tales of every land,

And see a boy who one time trod
Through darkness up a curving slope,
With leaping heart and rising hope,
To join the battle-ranks of God;—

Ah, boy! to you I send a cheer,
Although for you my heart is wrung,
A poet's blessing's round you flung,
A blessing shadowed by a tear.

ONE TIME, A FRIEND

Oh, yes, I had a friend once, long ago,
I loved him with a love without a peer,
With thought of him my mind was all aglow,
My spirit free from every twinge of fear.
He was my friend, at least he told me so;
From me he had all duties of a friend,
I ever sought his pleasure to foreknow,
His welfare seek—that was my purposed end.
But he—too late I knew of his untruth,
Myself I blame for taking false for true,
And yet, all said, I'd rather be in sooth
The one deceived than aught deceptive do:
All things of worth men counterfeit, we know,
False Christs arise, false friends, too, come
and go.

INNOCENT

My soul was once as pure as whitest snow
Fresh sent from heaven; in me God's life was
seen;

Forth from his life I came my way to go,
The winding way that lies for all between
The dawn and darkness of our earthly days;
All lost in thought of Life I wandered on
By steep and vale o'er unfamiliar ways,
While light effulgent on my pathway shone;
No shadow then upon my soul could rest
Its gracious beauty to defile or dim,
No sorrow trouble my reposeful breast,
Secure I pressed my onward way to him,
While more and more his grace he did impart
And sealed his image deeper on my heart.

TEMPTED

It came to me the longing, the desire,
To test the pleasures of the carnal sense,
A spark it came, and then a raging fire,
It flamed and spread, while every new offence
Enticed still more and sin drew on to sin.
'Twas like to deadly weeds in some rank dell,
All-sheltered from the winds, and drawing in
The quickening sun all beauty to expel.
My soul was captive to the fleshly will
That lives and moves in every child of man,
And in the bonds lay trembling, shocked, and
still.

While sin with lustful lips kissed hard; the ban
Of God was on that soul-enrapt embrace,
His seal defiled, a darkness o'er his face.

REPENTANT

My God, I feel abandoned now by Thee,
I've cast Thee out, I've clung to earth and sin
With all the gifts Thou, Thou hast given
to me!

O God! my God! my heart is sad within,
And dark and tortured that Thy blessed light
Is gone. O come to me again! My soul
In pain cries out to Thee. The livelong
night

Is anguish now. O help me to control
This fleshly sense! My God, give to my eyes
Hot tears to wash away my guilt and shame!
For Jesus' sake I plead. My heart outcries
To Thee, my Father, in the dear Christ's
name:

Destroy in me what takes me out of Thee,
That I in Thee may dwell and Thou in me!

FORGIVEN

I love Thee, God, with all my heart and soul,
With all my mind and strength. Thee I
adore,

My Lord and God. Oh, may Thy sweet control

Keep Thy child's life in Thine forevermore!
Dark, dark my days when I from Thee depart
And love the things that lure me, Lord, from
Thee;

To Thee I come,—God, Father! fill my heart
With Thine own holy blessed charity!

In Thee, for Thee. with Thee, to live or die
Is all that Thou, Eternal Lord, canst give;
Oh, may this gift be mine! Christ's Father, I—
Christ's brother, Thine own child in Thee
would live.

O Love undying, come! O come to me,
Keep me in Thee through Christ eternally!

GOD'S SWEETEST AND BEST

God's sweetest and best,
My Queen, when he made you so fair,
He set the rich stamp of his love and his grace
In your sweet woman's heart and your
 beautiful face,
To love and be loved, so fair and so rare,
God's sweetest and best.

I feel when I think
Of you morning and night, O my Sweet,
That I—God forgive all of wrong in my
 thought!—
Envy, aye, even God all the joy he has wrought,
And the heart-quelling love your glad life to
 complete,
God's sweetest and best.

For I would be all
To your life, O my Queen, O my Love!
Every beat of my heart, of my life—they are
 thine;
O Sweetest, God's Sweetest, I would you were
 mine,
Heart to heart on the earth, undivided above,
God's sweetest and best!

SHADOWS

(HE)

I heard you when you saw me not,
You did not think me near you then,
The words you spoke I wish forgot,
Nor care that we should meet again;
I felt your soul in what you said,
The proud disdain, the stinging scorn
Of voice, and eye, and lifted head,—
And I had deemed you Heaven-born!

What was 't you said the night before
When we two watched the evening star,
And Love my secret from me tore
And made you other than you are?
You called me then your spirit's King,
And I a King beside you trod,—
One word of blame I spare to bring,—
To-night I watch alone with God.

(SHE)

You heard me when I saw you not,
I did not think you near me then,
The words I spoke I wish forgot
And pray that we may meet again.
I feel the truth of all you say,
I know that I deserve your scorn,
Forgive, forgive! in grief I pray,
Tis you—not I—are Heaven-born.

I live again that night before,
With you I watch the evening star,
My love for you is more and more,
I know you now for what you are.
Lo, to your feet my all I bring!
Ah, lift me to the heights you've trod,
And bear with me, my more than King,
And let me watch with you and God!

CONSTANCY

I think of thee, alone of thee,
To thee I sing one glad refrain;
I love thee, love thee, though it be
Life's deepest pain, I'll love the pain.

TO A FLIRT

And must I now uncrown thee, O my Queen!
They say that thou art false as thou art fair,
That hollow vanity hath ever been

Thy heartless heart's delight, that thy soft
hair,

Thy rich sweet voice, less human than divine,
Thy tender ways, thy pure and beauteous face,
Thine eyes that look but love,—all gifts of
thine

Are but ambition's tools to win thee place.

They tell me, Sweet, thou art not fit to mate

With me, a man of sin, the vilest clod

That ever met thine eyes! Oh, till the great

Archangel of the Kingdom of our God

Shall call us home, I will believe in thee,

God's own true child, crowned still for Him

and me!

ONE AND, ONE

When first I called thee mine I did not know
That mine and thine so far apart could be:
How gladly all for thee I did forego,
And fondly thought that thine was all for me!
I did not think of self for all my thought,
Yea, spirit, mind, and body, all were thine,
“Love seeketh not her own,” nor ever sought,
And my true love for thee sought thine not
mine.

Each thought of thine I strove to think before,
Each wish anticipate, all thou could'st will,
Or love invent to please, I tried, and more,
Content to think that thou didst love me still.
Love makes not love,—alas, for thee and me,
Though “God hath joined,” yet one and
one are we!

LIFE'S GLORY

The glory of life is the glory of love,
Is the lesson of life to the heart of the wise;
We dream and we grasp at the dream as we
rove,
And gather but shadows of dreams in surprise.

The heart that is steadfast to love will endure
The pains and the sorrows of life with a smile,
Love's fervor and truth will life's glory assure,
And nought from the beauty of love can be-
guile.

We met by the sea and the glory of life,
The glory of love, was revealed to me then,
The shadows of dreams from the darkness of
strife
Departed,—to haunt me?—No, never again.

A POET'S LOVE

The days pass on, men come and go,
And quickly speed the tides of time,
We meet, I love,—we pass, I know
'Tis all in vain; the passing show
Will fret my heart. Some other clime,
Some other day I pray may bring
To you one thought of what I sing.

Forget the passion of the song,
And think upon the love alone,
And sometimes in the passing throng
Remember, that could I atone
For aught amiss and blend in one
Our souls, or save you from one woe,
The joys of life I'd all forego.

You say it is the poet sings,—
'Tis best, I would not give you pain,—
That as the songbird upward springs
And pours his heart in passion's strain
And thrills his Love, 'tis all in vain.
Why did my song my soul reveal?
'Tis vain to tell the love you feel.

No, not in vain; some other time,
When we are old and cold, and men
Will wiser judge, nor deem it crime
For me to feel and sing, ah, then
They'll wish that I had sung again!
Forget, forgive me if you can,
The poet still is but a man.

Forget!—No, no! I'd rather, yes,
Be blotted from all worlds to be,
Or face all wrath and all wrath bless,
And die in pain eternally,
Than be forgotten, Love, by thee;
I feel, I know, let come what will,
The poet's love will wound him still.

A VALENTINE

To fit to words the thoughts of thee
That find a happy home in me,
Were easy as to fit to chords,
Or tell in man's poor halting words,
The mystic music deep that rolls
Where God indwells in human souls,
Or as to paint the brilliant gleam
That fills thy face when all a-beam,
And at each dazzling glance out-sent
I feel as heaven itself were rent,
And from the deeps of inner light
A flash of God burst on my sight.
I stammer as I try to tell
The thoughts I love to think so well,
The thoughts I love to think the best,
Of thee, soul-deep, heart-strung, repressed.
This world and all its joys I'd give
Forever in thy light to live,
Thy hand in mine, my soul round thine,
And I—thine own, own Valentine.

THE TEST

I cannot prove that I do love you true
By any words the lips of man have coined,
Nor prove my love because I long for you
And feel distracted when from you disjoined
By thought or time; not even can I plead
As proof of my dear love, that to my heart
You are the sum of all I sorely need,
So lovely fair by Nature that all Art
Would by disfigurement your beauty prove.
Alas! how can I prove what waits for proof
On hidden years—my steadfastness in love?
'Tis Time alone that tests both warp and woof
Of life and love, yet do I vow to you,
For better or for worse, my love is true.

IMPOSSIBILITY

O Sweet, I cannot tell thee all the love
That burns and flames within my inmost heart
For thee, nor all my sorrow that thou art
So far away! Could I all things remove
That crowd my life so far away from thine,
And make thee feel that all of earth and
heaven,
And all best things that God to me has
given,
Are thine—most thine, my Sweet, that they
are mine—
O Dearest, Fairest, Truest-hearted, then,
Like God, I'd roll all hind'ring things away,
And clasping thy dear hand would kneel and
pray
For all thy heart's best, richest love, and when
Thy heart and mine burned God-ward in
one flame
I'd love and bless still more his sacred name.

THE WEAVER

How hard it is to weave a wreath
Of song for a maiden's brow,
Is known to the weaver's soul alone,—
I think I know it now;
For the weaver never can weave the song
He feels though he weave his whole life long.

THE LAST SUNRISE

The sunlight came as the night went west,
And for grief I could not see.
But I said in my heart He knoweth best
What is best for her and me.

The sunlight came and she reached a hand,
And a smile her face o'erspread,
And she went with the Lord of Life to his land,
She lives,—but they call her dead.

When night's deep shade shall fall from me,
And my last sun shall shine,
Her dear-loved face and her smile I'll see,
And feel her hand in mine.

ST. COLUMBKILLE

The story-tellers say that Columbkille borrowed Finnian's Psalter and secretly copied it. One of Finnian's companions through a crack in the door saw what Columbkille was doing and reported it to Finnian. Finnian demanded the copy from Columbkille and Columbkille refused to surrender it. On an appeal to the King judgment was given against Columbkille, the King ruling "To every cow her own calf." Later Columbkille went to Scotland, and whenever he returned to Ireland he blindfolded himself, not desiring to look upon the land. It is also said that Columbkille had a tame crane in his cell when he was surreptitiously copying the Psalter, and that the crane seeing the eye of the informer spying on Columbkille, plucked it out, because, they say, even the cranes in Ireland hate an informer. The story of the angel's message to Finnian is as told in the lines. The writer has taken a little liberty with the story of the crane.

SAINT COLUMBKILLE

O Columbkille! Saint Columbkille!
You naughty man, Saint Columbkille!
Why did you Finnian's Psalter take
And secretly a copy make?
You know 'twas such a naughty thing
For one descended from a king
To lock himself into his cell,
'Twas far from right,—you knew it well,—
And copy Finnian's Psalter through,
Against his will as well you knew.
And then to think a common bird
Should feel such shame, that when he heard
The breathing spy outside your door,
And felt your sainthood was no more,
Should through the crack attack the spy,
And in a rage pluck out his eye,
As if that saintly Irish crane
Would hide from all your Saintship's stain.
I grieve to think that you did add
Sin unto sin; it is too bad.
For Finnian could not you persuade
To yield the copy that you made,
Until the King in his behalf
Ruled—"To each cow belongs her calf;"
And then you grew so mad you swore

On Erin's face you'd look no more,
And crossed the sea the Picts to save,
Because you so did misbehave
To dear Saint Finnian; faith 'twas ill
For you to act so, Columbkille!
A saint you were no doubt, no doubt!
What pity 'twas you were found out!
We know an angel (snob or fool?)
To Kiaran showed a common rule,
An axe, an auger, and a saw,
And told that saint it was the law
Of Heaven that Columbkille should be
Far, far above such saints as he;
For Columbkille contemned a crown,
While he these homely tools laid down,
To serve the Lord, and that the Lord
To each would give his due reward.
I wonder if that angel knew
That Christ these tools had laid down too.
O Columbkille! O Columbkille!
A saint like you must have his will,
But for myself I'd rather be
The common sinner that you see
Than make a crane ashamed of me,
And angels talk such idiocy.

CAMBYSES AND THE JUDGE

Cambyses was a mighty king,
An emperor was he,
He lived in Persia long ago,
As told in history,
His word was law to all he ruled,
As such things used to be.

But though he was an emperor
And lived in royal state,
He sought his people's good in all,
Or they were small, or great,
And punished those who broke his laws,
As I will now relate.

There was a judge in Persia then
Who dealt in bribes and graft,
Bought by the rich he fleeced the poor,
And at all justice laughed,
But direful vengeance fell on him
In spite of all his craft.

Cambyses heard the loud complaints
Against that judge were made,
And summoned him to strict account,
And all the charges weighed,

The King condemned that judge to death,
And that he should be flayed,

And that his skin should be nailed down
Upon the judge's seat,
A sign to all that sat thereon,
A warning grim and meet,
That judges must be just to all,
Ev'n beggars on the street.

I've told you of Cambyses now
As history relates,
And of the judge who one time sat
In Persia's royal gates,—
I wish we had a judge's skin
In the United States.

DOTTIE

Dottie was a puzzling child,
Naughty, loving,—gentle, wild;
Mother did her very best,
Spanked her, scolded her, caressed,
But for all that she could do,
Dottie more a puzzle grew.

When the little maid was seven,
Dottie planned to go to heaven;
Told her mother when she'd start,
Almost broke her mother's heart;
What a puzzle is a child,
When at once she's good and wild!

When the day for starting came
Dottie stopped her pretty game,
Looked at mother, said, "I know
You'll not miss me, so I'll go;
Hope in heaven there'll be
A wee imp to play with me."

Mother couldn't say a word,
Though her heart was strangely stirred,
Then, recovering, said—"My dear,
Won't you stay with mama here?"

I'll be good and play with you,
Get you quite a nice imp too."

Dottie smiled and went to sleep;
Mother lay awake to weep;
Who can tell what children feel?
Who a mother's heart reveal?
Dottie didn't go to heaven,—
Slept and woke at half past seven.

THE SCHOOL MARM

There was a little pedagogue,
And she was very sly,
She had a roguish little face,
And quite a wicked eye;
She thought that I was chaffin' her,
And she was hoppin' mad,
But when I told her that I wa'nt,
Why she was roarin' glad.

This tidy little pedagogue
Was very strict and prim,
And if an urchin only laughed
She stopped and walloped him,
And if her mornin' meal was thin
It was her 'varsal rule
To lay about her right and left
And wallop all the school.

But now this little pedagogue
Is rather plump and stout,
She's mistress of a happy home,
And mother of a rout
Of laughin' urchins of her own,
And she can run and yell
So blithely, that you'd find it hard
That pedagogue to tell.

THE CANDIDATE

“O Bishop, I am glad to find that you are home
to-day,
My conscience has been troubling me in such
an awful way;
One night about six weeks ago a wondrous
dream I dreamed,
An angel with a shining sword, that through
the darkness gleamed,
Came to me and declared that I was called to
preach the word
Both far and near and gather in a harvest for
the Lord.

“When I awoke that angel-voice was ringing
in mine ear,
‘Arise and preach the Gospel, John, to sinners
far and near,’—
That blessed call to save the lost, dear Bishop,
I must heed,
Or God, I fear, will scoff at me when in my
sorest need;
I wish that you would enter me a candidate
to be
For Massachusetts and assign a scholarship
to me.”

The bishop kindly looked at John, and,
hemming just to clear
His throat a little, urged on him to be of
saintful cheer,
That as an angel had come down to order him
to preach
He would undoubtedly to John all needful
learning teach.
“What had you for your supper, John, that
night before your dream?”
“I had, dear Bishop, pumpkin pie and straw-
berry ice-cream.”

The bishop gravely shook his head a few times,
as to say,
“I thought so, John, indeed I did—” in an
emphatic way;
“And you were lying on your back when you
the angel saw?”
“Yes, sir, I was indeed,” said John in tones of
smothered awe,
“I saw the heavens open, Sir, and saw the
angel’s face
As he revealed that I should be an instrument
of grace.”

“Well, John,” the bishop said at length, while
piously he rolled
His eyes around the ceiling and his trembling
voice controlled,
“We don’t believe in angels, or in visions, in
the least,
Nor have we any sinners, John, worth counting
in the East,—
In Massachusetts we have none, but if you
long for work
I’m sure that you can find enough in little old
New York.”

THE EYES OF GOD

O brothers, come, ascend the lofty height
Where God, our Father, dwells in majesty,
Look deep into those eyes of love, the bright,
Warm glance of infinite affection see,
And read the glorious meaning of their look,
God's eyes,—to us God's holy, open book!

O great pathetic wondrous eyes of God,
In you I see all weakness overcome,
In you the calvaries that men have trod
Transformed with all the bounding joy of
home,
In you I see all sorrows at an end,
Eyes of my God, my Father, and my Friend!

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

I

Ah, dear old Church! and art thou truly
doomed?

And is the Master, God Incarnate, too,
To fade from out our life? Can it be true
What he to-night did say? The future loomed
So grand, but, Son of God, Thou wast away,
And all my heart was sad and sorely pressed
With grief, while he so earnestly confessed
His love for God and man with deep display
Of feeling. No, 'twas not that man ascends,
'Gainst which I strove; 'tis that our God must
yield

To theory, nor yet remain revealed
Incarnate in the Christ. But Love transcends
All poets' dreams and preachers' hopes, and so
I'll wait in peace, God soon will let me know.

II

"Our God incarnate in the Christ remains,
And in mankind, God's Son,"—what means
this creed?

In both alike evolved? My friend, we read
That all mankind so taken bears the stains

Of sin. The Christ is one and pure. All men
Make not the Son of God, but every man
With his aspiring spirit, in the plan
Of God, is still alone. Let Science, then,
This vaunting Evolution of our day,
But show me once man's spirit, or man's mind,
Writ on the earth, or on the sea, or wind,
Or anything, that it has grown from clay
Through genus and through species changing
still,
And I your creed will cherish as God's will.

III

Whence, then, the soul, the spirit, the divine
In man? Are they too sprung from primal
ooze
On ocean's brink? And must we, forsooth
choose
For parents variant likes, and draw the line
Against unlikes, and, speculating still,
Give our rash sense for order and for law
Of all God's worlds? What man indeed e'er
saw
The building of the deeps? And whose the
will
With love that fashioned all? What preacher,
pray,

Has counselled with the Universe's Lord
And heard, "'Twas thus and thus," and
brought us word
Straight from God's lips? Despite what men
may say
The final answer only will be given
When God and man stand face to face in
Heaven.

IV

If in the fulness of the coming years
The perfect man must come; if we must wait
For Evolution's progress for that state
Of finished manhood,—as to some appears,—
How came the Christ in the first morning
hours?

The perfect man is he, devout and strong,
God loving and God-loved; who hated wrong;
Who loved the pure and true; whose life's
whole powers

Were spent in service of the world and God;
Who raised the crushed by sin; who first made
known

God's ever-mastering passion for his own
Sprung from his love; and who so gladly trod
Death's way for all; full-perfect—in man's
youth,—

Confounding Evolution's boasted truth.

V

If from the lowest life the man ascends
 From more to more through all the ages past,
 And upward still must struggle, where at last
 Will you the limit fix, my learnèd friends,
 Who by your Evolution will control
 God's life in all the worlds, and by your laws
 Of changing whimsicalities will cause
 The clay to bud immortal with a soul,
 A spirit stamped of God? 'Tis proofs we need,
 Some proofs from those who claim to be so
 swayed
 By facts alone. To-day we're not afraid
 Of any facts, but words we do not heed.
 Pray give us just one fact that we may know
 How species change, how men their spirits
 grow.

VI

Can science prove that any God exists,
 Or one, or fifty, or a score or two,
 Or more, or less? Pray what can Science do
 In the arithmetic of God? The lists
 Of those who prove by rock and leaf that he
 Is one, and can, and must be only one,
 Are ever full. But Science on her throne,

As Science only, never can decree
A God to be, or to be one, or more,
And never can reveal that he is love.
Full ten times fifty gods might,—as men prove,
For aught that Science with her boasted lore
Can roundly bring against it,—have agreed
All worlds to fashion and their laws decreed.

VII

What is this Science that can tell us so
How we are made, and how God works in all
His patient life, how all his works are wrought?
Can Science deal with love, with love whose
 glow
Eternal shines? Can Science raise the pall
Of mystery about the course of thought?
Can Science see the soul; the dawn of life;
The instant change through death; the spirit
 yearn
All God-ward? Or can Science prove that
 men
Are all immortal, or that in the strife
The strongest only live? Where did she learn
All this? Where are the proofs writ by God's
 pen

On trees, or rocks, or worlds? Make good
your boast;
Where written once? Ah, friend, words little
cost.

VIII

He stands absolved from all regard for creeds,
And crawling slowly upward from the slime
In this creation's morning, ere the chime
Has pealed mid-morn, or life's scarce-up-
sprung seeds
Have opened to the sun, his eyes behold
The mysteries of life, and how God made
The worlds and all their wonders, and arrayed
The beasts with conscience. And he too has
told
With many a prophet's nod, that in the end
The perfect only will survive and all
The weaker die. No mystery can appal
This eager mind, which by the very trend
Of its own scheme must grow till it has won
All knowledge,—then will it be God alone!

GOD'S BOOK

Holy is life. God's gracious gift to us
From his own life sublime; no narrow wish
To live self-centred rules the heart of God;
But he, out-pouring from his love on men,
Compels by love that they should love in turn.
From him came life and love, and back to him
Our love and life must go. He restless longs
For us; our passing years are his alone
In them we write his wondrous history
Page after page, a far diviner work
Than that of prophet or evangelist.
Their pages die. but thine, God's child, will
live
Immortal as thy God. Write, write thy best!
The worlds will pass and they are Nature's
leaves
Writ by Omnipotence, but thou canst write
Upon the pure white leaves of thy young soul
A book of God-enduring peace and love,
And stamped and sealed by the Eternal's hand.

PAUL'S APOLOGY

I ask, and ask again, if it be true?
I gave my best, my all I had to give,
For men'twas given, and I asked of you
Only permission, not the right, to live
And labor for the King, and you said No,—
O brothers born of Christ, can it be so?

One time the Master in his gentle way,
When some, who followed and by him were
blessed
To do kind things, bethought that only they
Who walked with them and faith in him
confessed
Could cast foul spirits out, their pride reproved
And claimed as his all who men served and
loved.

What answered you to my heart's eager
prayer
For peace in serving Christ? That only you
And those who walk with you your thorough-
fare
Can serve the King. O brothers is it true?
Bethink you well; it surely is not night
Because you say the sun cannot give light.

MY FRIEND AND I

My Friend and I had often met
And talked together face to face;
Some things he said I now forget,
While clearly in my memory yet
Of some the record I can trace.

Oft-times we met, I still a child,
And talked of things beyond my years,
And oft I wondered as he smiled,
Or gently sighed, that one so mild
Should terror rouse and waken tears.

And, as our friendship grew the more,
The more I marveled day by day
That he, whom Systems bow before,
Love's herald, on his signet wore
A grinning skull to mark his sway.

And as we wandered by the sea
I asked if he would tell me Why,—
“Men judge me by what things they see,
And God by things that be,” said he,—
And—then—we mused, my Friend and I.

FRIENDSHIP

Of all my friends a friend more faithful none
In all earth's bounds can friendship ever find
Than that one friend whose friendship is so
twined

Round soul and soul and God, all making one.
How glad it makes man's wearied heart to feel,
That though the brightness seems to leave
the sky

And joys all fade, there's one to hear the cry
For sympathy and bless the deep appeal!
Yes, lift the voice and sing of Love's true
heart,

And cheer the souls that faint in times of
gloom,

Man's friend will all the darkneses illumine,
And through God's love the dreariness depart;
Man's greatest man, man's truest, noblest
friend,

Christ Jesus, Thou, be with us to the end!

UNSHAKEN

I trust Thee still, though lost the way,
The clouds may break, the torrents fall,
Pain, ruin, death,—let come what may,
I trust Thee still in all, through all.

WHEN THE KING RIDES IN

When Death rides in at the last red breach,
And the last faint hope is gone,
I will speak my love in the silent speech
That great hearts know, as my soul goes on
To join with the ranks of the cherubim
As the last breach falls and the King rides in.

SLANDER

Slander, thou lovest still to hide thy sword
In shining sheath. God's holy hands have
made

No thing that thou, most shameless, undis-
mayed,

Wilt not defame with thine envenomed word,
And soil and stain with falsehoods mean and
vile,

Sprung from thy sinful blood all foul and
black,

Dear offspring of thy soul, which on the rack
Would agonise couldst thou not still defile
The pure, and, gloating in thy crimeful deeds,
Bestow thy cruel and malignant face

In every home and every sacred place
Where God would thee avoid, while goodness
bleeds

Rent by thy claws. God's own most holy Son
Escaped thee not. Oh! when wilt thou have
done?

SCANDAL

Yes, yes, thou devil-hearted Scandal, speak
Thine infamies so loud that all may hear
The sinful deeds of her so frail and weak
Who trusted thee! Aye, Aye! thy baleful
sneer

Will make the world rejoice at all her shame,
And raise its eyes in joyousness that she
Is not like God! Thy wounds will kill her
name,

And plunge her soul in death's dark agony.
Rejoice, rejoice in all thy fruitful days,
And trumpet loud the secret sin of men;
Thy fury's tongue let loose in foul dispraise
Of all that's fair and good! the glad amen
Of hearts as vile and reckless as thine own
Will cheer thee on all virtue to dethrone.

THE FOOL

The seed one sows that shall one reap:
I laughed and called the Christ a fool.
Ah, God! I laughed that he should weep
And think a peasant Jew could rule
Red-blooded men who'd been to school!

What things you reap are things you sow:
I've graduated from his school,
The Lord's of Life; at last I know.
No more I strive his will to rule,
Nor laugh at Christ,—I was the fool.

MISERERE

Thou Christ, whose aching feet once trod
Life's toiling ways its woes to heal,
And died that men might know and feel
The love of the Eternal God,

To Thee my wand'ring heart, oppressed
By doubt and sorrow, makes appeal,
For sin and shame have set their seal
Upon my wearied, anguished breast.

Take me, O Lord, and break, and make,
Let Thy great pity on me fall,
And pardon, pardon me for all,
And save me for Thy mercy's sake.

And if, although my heart may bleed,
The men I meet have need of me,
O help me, Lord, that I through Thee
May bring the help they sorely need!

O Christ! O Man! Eternal King!
God's Heart of Love, Light of His Light!
A broken, contrite heart to-night
To Thee in faith and love I bring.

GOD'S ANGELS

Oppressed by saddening thought to-day
I wandered homeward down the street,
And saw three children at their play,
Who rushed to me with eager feet
And, shouting, grasped my hands,—I smiled,
And with the children was a child.

My grief was for a helpless friend,
Death-stricken and in hopeless pain,
My thoughts were prayers that soon the end
Would come in peace, life snap its chain,
When little hands in happy rout
With joyous cries pulled me about.

For him, the sick I'd prayed my prayer,
And as beside the bed I knelt
And saw his pain, his wife's despair,
I felt as Christ himself had felt,—
In grief I homeward walked, and prayed,
And met the children as they played.

And always thus when sore beset
With pain and grief we hardly bear,
And wonder if God does forget,
And if it helps to tell our care,
We meet his angels on the street,
And God we always surely meet.

THE WANDERER

An old man sat on the mountain peak,
And he gazed on the earth below,
And he shook his head with a gloomy shake,
With its hair as white as the bright snow-flake,
 Whilst his hands beat to and fro,
And the winds seemed hushed as he slowly
 spake,
And told his tale of woe.

“My hair, O my son! is silver white,
And my brow is ploughed with seams,
For sorrow and care have been my lot
Since years ago I was on this spot
 And thought of my boyhood's dreams,
Boy's dreams that vanished from out my sight
 As a mist in the day-god's beams.

“I had dreamt of a home where no care could
 be,
 Where joy and content should reign,
Where the peace of God should hold the place,
And all by his grace wear a happy face,
 Where none should e'er complain;
And, dreaming, such was the home did I see,
 But my dreaming all was vain.

“And to find such a place I left my home
Full of hope in my youthful breast,
But a mocking voice followed on from behind,
And a mocking laugh followed on, on the wind,
And my heart was with grief oppressed,
And now by decree I am forced to roam
Till the world shall come to rest.”

And the old man stopped in his tale and sighed
As he gazed on the earth and sky,
And the tears down his cheeks ran quick and
fast,
And he seemed to be wrapp'd in thoughts of
the past,
Then he spoke with a weary sigh:—
“’Twas the day that Jesus was crucified,
And when on his way to die;

“I stood in the door as he staggered on,
And I joyed in the bloody deed,
And he wished to rest, for the weight of the
cross
And the scourge and the crown had caused
such a loss
Of his strength he for rest did plead,
But I pushed him away, the Eternal Son!—
And scoffed at him in his need.

“And Jesus beneath the cross still bowed,
As he paused on his weary way,
Condemned me to wander away from home,
And restless and friendless ever to roam,
Nor rest till the judgment day;
And still I can hear the jeering crowd,
And our Saviour my sentence say.

“And I’ve wearily roamed since that dreadful
time,
And I’m whitened with age and care,
But wherever I go I can see the Tree,
And Jesus nailed to it and dying for me,
And I try to hunt despair,
For the memory of my terrible crime
Is with me everywhere.

“And I pray that the judgment soon may
come,
And I long for the Trumpet’s blast,
Till then I must wander the world alone,
And pray the Redeemer who died to atone
To pardon my sin at last;
And I hope in his mercy to find a home
When my wearisome life is past.”

He spoke, and he left the mountain peak
With fears and griefs oppressed,
And I thought I could hear a voice behind,
A voice that followed him on the wind,
And bade the wanderer rest,
And I thought I could hear the Saviour speak
And welcome him to his breast.

WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE

Have you had a blessing given?

Pass it on.

Blessings are the gift of Heaven,—

Pass them on.

Slighted blessings flee away,

Let no least one go astray,

Use them as they come each day.

God has sent them all to you,—

Pass them on;

Love to make you loving too,—

Pass it on;

Truth to show you what is right,

Strength to help you in the fight,

Joy to make each burden light.

Some one needs your blessing too,—

Pass it on:

Ten-fold blessings come to you,—

Pass them on.

Ten-fold more than we have given

Is the measure used in Heaven,

Give, then, seventy times your seven.

UP TO THE HILLS

In the frown or the smile of the unknown
things

There is truth to be said, and proved, and
done,

While Time flees on on his outspread wings,
And I try in the face of the earth and the sun
To do as the Lord would have men do.

O I loved earth well and the things of earth,
And my heart was dead to the great Unseen,
And I laughed at death, and I laughed at
birth,

And I laughed at the things that lie between,
With a careless laugh as some men do.

Yea, a laugh is good, but all men die,
And the stars shall pass as the morning dew,
And pain will come or you laugh or cry,
Or believe or not in the false or true,
And I bowed to the pain as all men do.

And I looked to the hills and I heard Him call,
To stand in the front with Him side by side
Where the best and the bravest stand or fall
For the weal of all, and nor time nor tide
Will wait for a man, no, not. Christ, for you.

And I stand in the strength of the reeking
Cross,
And I walk with the Lord mid the things
unseen,
And all men's gain do I count but loss—
And life and death and the things between,
Should I do as the Lord would not have men
do.

ADIEU

I leave upon the outward tide,
I need no pilot, chart, or star,
My Captain knows all seas to guide
As forth we voyage far and far.

Some day you too will leave the shore,
The self-same ship and Captain too,
When we shall meet to part no more.
Till then, my Love, Adieu! Adieu!

REST

Rest! At last thou'rt gone to rest,
Angels took thee to his breast
Who of all doth love thee best.

Pain and sorrow for thee cease,
God be praised for thy release!
Rest thou in the God of peace!

Hope and faith have come to flower,
Sight and knowledge in death's hour
Bloomed to fulness by God's power.

Heavenly splendors round thee shine,
Life, and light, and joy divine,
Love eternal,—all are thine.

WEEP NOT FOR ME

Weep no tears when I am gone,
Tears of grief must cease anon,
Death were else a malison,
Do not grieve for me.
Talk not of my virtues then,
Men can judge us but as men,
God—I trust Him now and when
I from earth am free.

Lay no flower upon the sod
As I lie beneath the clod,
With my face upturned to God
Ever to the end.
Hang no wreath above my grave,
Kindly thoughts are all I crave,
He alone who all can save
Then must be my Friend.

Potsherds unto potsherds boast;
Christ,—at what a mighty cost
Thou didst prove Thou carest most,
Thou that lovest all!
May no tears be shed for me,
Hopeless tears of agony,
When, my God, I come to Thee
Gladly at Thy call!

A MINISTER'S PRAYER

Where I have failed Thy word to preach,
Or little ones of Thee to teach,
Or wounded one in act or speech,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

Where I respect of men have sought,
Or shame on Thee, or Thine, have brought,
Or hurt Thy cause even in thought,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

When I have seen my latest sun,
And all my earthly course is run,
For all that I amiss have done,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

SEEKING AND FINDING

Why came ye to the church that day?
And did ye come to kneel and pray,
And to the Christ to find a way?

And did ye kneel and did ye pray;
And did ye find to Christ a way;
And did ye walk with him that day?

CHRISTUS VICTOR

Brave Saviour of the human race,
Lo, we—who were not there to see
Still Hermon's wondrous mystery,
Thy glowing and transformèd face;

Nor saw the Prophets at Thy side,
Nor heard the voice from out the cloud,
“This is my son, hear him,”—nor bowed
Our faces low our fears to hide—

Come, Christ, to Thee, Thou Light Divine,
Thou knowest all we are to be,
Mere nothingness bereft of Thee,
We come to Thee for we are Thine.

Thou knewest us before our birth,
To Thee the darkness is as light,
All things are open to thy sight,
Who madest all the heavens and earth,

That settest all the bounds of time,
And things that were not, mad'st to be
Reflections of Thy majesty
And destined unto ends sublime.

Thy wisdom and Thy wondrous power
Are seen in all around, above,

Thy watchful care, Thy deathless love,
Sustaining all from hour to hour:

From hour to hour, and here and there,
Thy presence is in all revealed,
For all things with Thy seal are sealed
And own Thy lordship everywhere.

Lo, we, Thy creatures, come to Thee,
For Thou our weary earth hast trod,
And interlinked our souls with God,
And shown us what we are to be,

And how the battle must be fought,
And helpest in the deadly strife,
For Thou art still the Bread of Life
That givest strength to souls Thou'st bought.

We know in whom we have believed,
Howe'er the sceptic scoff and sneer,
Despite the unbeliever's jeer,
Who trusts in Thee is not deceived.

Thou art the Saviour of our faith,
And at Thy name all nations bow,
And cry for help as we do now,
O lift us from the gates of death!

We fail before our work is done,
We faint and falter day by day,
Our souls are weak and oft we say,
“I am but one! I am but one!”

But one and frail, nor can I know
The things ordained of Thee to be
In time, nor in eternity,
Nor into what myself may grow.

In life, in death, in woe, in weal,
O who can tell Thy deep design,
Or why the suns so brightly shine,
Or if things inorganic feel?

We can but know if Thou wilt tell,
For Thou alone hast come from God,
And in the flesh the earth hast trod,
And taught us how in faith to dwell:

In faith like her who kissed Thy feet,
And wiped them with her flowing hair,
And prayed to Thee in her despair,
And grew in grace and love complete.

Like her, I come to thee to-night,
For all my soul is steeped in pain,

O let my cry be not in vain,
Lord, save me by Thy gracious might!

Alone with none but God to hear,
In deep dark stillness all alone
I weep for that departed one
Who died with the expiring year.

My soul in anguish lives again
Beside that dying one who vowed,
Though wrapped up in his graveyard shroud,
To guide me through the wiles of men.

We followed to the place of rest,
And laid him with the silent dead,
And prayed above his lowly bed,
And cast the clay upon his breast.

Beside the church we laid him low,
The cross we fixed upon his grave,
The emblem that alone can save,
And God enveloped all in snow.

Not twice the earth did gird the sun
From father's death till in the night

That father's spirit, wan and white,
Told me my mother's race was run.

She blessed me with her latest breath,
Her dying eyes were lit with love,
She smiled as if at God above
And calmly yielded her to death.

Again the hearse with nodding plumes
We followed to the churchyard old,
Again we cast the churchyard mould
Upon the coffin mid the tombs.

Her kind old pastor took his place
And cast the clay that should be cast,
And gave the blessing at the last,
And wept above her buried face.

My soul has sorrowed from that hour,
I've prayed,—oh! was it wrong to pray?—
That I might mingle with her clay
And grow into the self-same flower.

The hopes of all my youth have fled,
They've vanished from me one by one,
The last, the best, has failed and gone,
I'd feel content if with the dead.

O Mother, fairest of our race,
The sweetest flower on all our tree,
How can I now apart from thee
Live in this lonely, loveless place?

Away across the foamy sea
Thou sleep'st beneath the churchyard sod,
Thy face upturned in death to God,
And I no more can gaze on thee!

Can gaze on thee and tell the pain,
The weary pain of all the years,—
And mingle with my tale the tears
That start and flow repressed in vain,

The deathly pain of human life,
Where men contend for private gain,
Where hatred, lust, and murder reign,
And all is brutal, savage strife;

Where brutish beasts are juster far
And kinder to their helpless young,
That from their wombs and loins are sprung,
Although they preach no Avatar,

Than he who lords it o'er the earth,
And calls himself creation's King,

Whose praises all the poets sing,
With all his boasted second birth,
Is to his brother fellow-man
With memory and will and mind,
God's counterpart, by him designed
Like God in his eternal plan,—
And yet this weary earth was trod
By him who taught that men were one,
Co-members in the mystic Son
Co-heirs with Christ, the Son of God!

Last night I sat in weary pain,
My thoughts went wand'ring through the
years,
My eyes were wet with starting tears
For all the wilful ways of men.
And while I pondered in the gloom:—
“Will man forever miss his end,
And be himself his own worst friend,
Nor learn a lesson from the tomb,
“Nor catch the meaning of his life?”—
I heard the tramp of crowding feet,

And angry voices in the street,
And thronging men as if in strife,

And clang of sword, and trumpet sound,
And ringing horse-hoofs passing by,
And deadly hatred's fiercest cry,
And blasphemies the place confound,

And man in frenzy shriek to man
In hatred's fiercest tones of hell,
"If he be King of Israel,
Let him come down now."—So it ran.

And so it runs through all the time
The unbelief of human minds,
Who, tossed about by all the winds
Of doubt, become the dupes of crime,

And, rushing from the feet of God,
Suspend him on the cross alone,
And sin and passion high enthrone,
And deify the earthy clod.

And deeper grew my woe within,
And louder came the human cry,
"Away with him, the Christ must die!"
O keep me from a world of sin!

O hide me, Saviour of the race,
From thoughts, that surge like thronging
hosts,
And haunt my mind like wand'ring ghosts,
Of Thy beloved and bleeding face!

O save me, Christ, some little faith,
And bring me back, O Lord, to Thee,
I cannot see life's mystery,
Nor read the secrets known to death.

We cannot see, our eyes are dim,
The things that God alone can see,
And yet in pride how often we
Reject the things we know of Him!

He gives us gifts beyond our ken,
He prints his image on the clod,
And, oh! because we are not God,
We think we're more or less than men!

And each to each a liar is,
And each his brother throttles down,
And robs him of his fair renown,
And gold that he had thought was his;

And laughs at God, and right, and wrong,
And scorns the altar, and the priest,

And makes with sin a joyous feast,
And sings a loud triumphant song;

And holds the harlot to his heart,
And presses kisses on her face,
And scoffs at sacrament and grace,
And worships science, love, and art;

And fills the brimming glass with wine,
And damns the God of all the creeds,
The God who hate and discord breeds,
And drinks to heavenly lust divine;

And points the way for man to rise
From high to higher every age,
Though bestial passions in him rage
And claps his hands and "Forward!" cries.

Yes, Forward! up the slopes of time,
Along the plains of sin and care,
And lustful love and grim despair,
And quickly down the steeps of crime!

Forgotten be the home, the wife,
The babe upon the mother's knee,
No claims of duty now can be,
He lives within the higher life.

The higher life! and he can tell
How he has cast the Christ aside
And all the ravings of his pride,
Confusions all of heaven and hell.

And Reason's flag he has unfurled,
And shattered all the world of awe,
And he has freed himself from law,
While placing law on all the world.

And he has burst the bonds of sin,
His passions being his only lord,
He has no fear, seeks no reward,
For he is close to God akin;

Aye, he is God! he claims,—and he
On other godheads wages war,
For either things eternal are,
Or soon in nothingness shall be.

He cannot think when time began,
Nor when 'twill end, nor space confine,
And thus he argues line by line,
Eternal too must be the man;

And, reaching through eternal years,
Dethrones the God who rules the world,

And on his banner high unfurled
Inscribes, "There is no God," and cheers.

And so he drains the foaming bowl
Of poisoned passion, pride, and lust,
For "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Bring no refining to his soul;

And laughs at all the fools of fear,
And trains his child in unbelief,
And seeks in every change relief,
And fights with God from year to year

And, beaten, finds his infant son
Has found a God within his breast,
And weeping sore is deep distressed
Because his father is alone.

His child, who, childlike, sadly weeps,
And prays in secret while he kneels
To him who truth to all reveals,
And calls to him from out the deeps:—

"O hear my cry, most Blessed Lord,
And bless my father with Thy light,
And guide his steps to Thee aright,
And teach him how to know Thy word;

“To know Thy word and live with Thee,
Conjoined in love with all his kind,
And take the doubts from out his mind,
And make him with Thy freedom free;

“And bring him to the feet of Christ
In hope, as Thou alone dost know,
And make him with Thy faith to glow,
And with Thy love eternalised.

“To Thee, O God! I pour my prayer,
And crave through Christ that Thou wilt
save
My father from the deepening grave
Of unbelief and dark despair.”

So prays he with his face in tears,
And all his soul in striving pain—
Who says such prayers are said in vain?
God is not swayed by bigots’ sneers.

And when the shepherd’s bell shall sound,
And all the sheep of God are told,
Among the safe within the fold
That child and father will be found.

The snow lay deep upon the hills,
The woodsmen plied their busy teams,

And put the lumber in the streams,
Preparing for the shrieking mills.

I knelt within the forest church,
'Twas on the day the Saviour died,
The churchyard trees in sorrow sighed,
The snow lay drifted at the porch;

The villagers in silence knelt,
And joined in earnest, fervent prayer,
A sadness deepened on the air,
And all a subtle presence felt.

I read the Gospel from Saint John,
And told them of the thorny crown,
And of the cross that crushed him down,
The broken-hearted friendless One.

I told them of the ruthless rood
On which he died disdained, disgraced,
The stamp of God in him defaced,
His face and form besmeared with blood;

And how he bowed in deep despair,
And raised the agonising cry,
“My God! oh! why forsake me? why?”
And called to mind his dying prayer.

And, oh! the weight of human woe
That pressed them as I tried to speak
Forced tears to flow down every cheek
That spite of all would spring and flow:

Would spring and flow,—I ceased to preach,
A dreary sorrow swept my soul,
A sorrow I could not control,
And thought refused to come in speech.

I knelt, and wept, and tried to pray,
And then we sang the touching hymn,
“’Tis finished”—and with eyes still dim
I blessed them ere they went away.

O ye who laugh at simple faith
And Christ, who died to make men good,
Who yet proclaim man’s brotherhood,
Why hunt again the Christ to death?

O tell me what the Saviour’s crime?
He conquered all the powers of hell,
And taught all men in love to dwell,
God’s children all in every clime:

He preached forbearance to the race:—
“Forgive and ye shall be forgiven,

And live in blessedness in heaven
With God forever face to face."

And prayed in tenderness and ruth:—

"O fill them with Thy love divine,
For mine are Thine, and Thine are mine,
And sanctify them with Thy truth!

"My Father! now the hour is come,
Unite them all in love to Thee,
As I in Thee and Thou in me,
And guide them to Thy heavenly home!"

O ye who scorn the Son of Man,
Consumed in self-conceit and pride,
Who curse the lowly Crucified,
And laugh at all Redemption's plan,

Wherein has Christ mankind oppressed?
Or scorned the lowly or the poor?
Or sent the beggar from his door
With empty hand or aching breast?

He died to make the nations free,
He stretches out a loving hand,
He pours his grace on every land
From shore to shore, from sea to sea.

From sea to sea and everywhere,
And not a life can live or die,
And not a soul in anguish cry,
But he, the Saviour-Christ, is there.

I feel him in my inmost heart,
As sitting in the silent room
I watch the men repair the boom
Which swollen floods have sprung apart.

I felt him through the lonely night,
As praying by death's lowly bed
I saw a radiance overspread
The dying face, a mystic light,—

A holy light that seemed to shine
Round him who from a deep sea-grave
His life had risked a life to save
And emulated love divine.

I knew he had no fear of loss,
I saw him weep the other day
As in the church he knelt to pray
And heard the story of the Cross.

And Christ was with him, for he spoke
As talking to a present friend,

And smilingly he met the end
And passed away as morning broke.

O ye of unbelieving mind
Who war with all the jangling creeds,
Who live in doubts and not in deeds,
Wherein has Christ oppressed mankind?

Sum up the guilt of all the years—
The crimes of frenzied christian rage,
The bloodshed, lust of every age,
And all the seas of scalding tears;

The priesthood of eternal hate,
Who lighted up the seething fires,
And cast the saints upon the pyres,
And damned them all as reprobate,

And preached a creed all blood-enstained,
And made of earth a raging hell,
And swung the censer, rang the bell,
And lived in riot unrestrained.

And ground the human race to dust,
And hampered all the powers of mind,
And tried to keep the nations blind,
And battered on the spoils of lust,

And grasping hard the flaming rod
Of fury robbed the sons of men,
And robed themselves in vestments then
To pacify an angry God!

And crushed to earth the starving poor,
And trampled on the orphan's right,
And stole the weeping widow's mite:—
Does Christ such crimes as these endure?

I cannot calm my rising grief,
Nor chase the film that veils mine eyes,
Nor can I solve the doubts that rise,
Despite my strong and firm belief.

I wish to roam through endless space,
And look upon the face of God,
And ask him how the human clod
Is worth redemption, love, and grace;

And if the dead in deathless strife
Contend with agonising care,
And want and woe and grim despair,
And weary of eternal life;

Or, freed from trammelings of dust,
Crowd fiercely to the marts of crime,

And worship sin with faith sublime,
Entangled in the toils of lust;

And if they're ranked in class and class,
And buy the highest ranks with gold,
And trace their kinship as of old,
And call the poor "the vulgar mass."

Do nations spill each other's blood,
And race wage deadly war on race,
Contending for the foremost place,
All-heedless of the voice of God?

Oh! if they live in such excess,
If Christ has died without avail—
My God! then let my being fail
And fall back into nothingness!

TO DR. S. J. M., (Boston)

A genial, kindly man to all,
A courtly soul of Christly breed,
Alive to every needy call,
And hiding every helpful deed;
Without reproach, his goodness sprung
From heights beyond our vision dim,
No hero he by poets sung,—
Earth's deepest need—are men like him.

MY SOUL AND I

I talked with my soul in the dark last night,
And asked it whence it came,
And who were its friends in the olden days,
And what its former name,
And if it could feel and think as now,
And were the stars the same;

And if it was mine in that far-off time,
And why it came to me,
And where it would go when I was dead
And it was once more free,
And if it believed in God, and Christ,
And Immortality.

For often in me strange fancies rise,
As dreams of days gone by,
Of things that on earth are never seen,
That earth cannot descry,
And I've wondered and wondered at life and
 you,
And whence you came, and why.

And my soul replied to me, You are I,
And what may come or go
Must come to us both for we are one,
As souls all full-well know,

Together we share the joys of life,
As one we bear its woe.

I too have had thoughts and feelings strange,
And wondered, too, as you,
If they were the memories of a life
In far-off times we knew,—
There is One alone the riddle can solve
And give to us the clew.

It may be when we so conscious feel
In other worlds we've trod,
While the where and the when and the how
are all
Away in the mind of God,
That he to his children tells a tale
Of things he sees abroad.

THE CITY STREETS AT NIGHT

I donned my coat and hat and went
Abroad upon the street,
My searching eager eyes intent
On all I chanced to meet,
For I had heard the Night reveals
The city's life complete.

The streets were drenched with glaring light,
The people trooped along,
Some by themselves, some companied,
Most in a jostling throng,
The old and feeble hobbling off
As they were young and strong.

I saw the sweetest faces there
Of little girls and boys,
And wondered why they were adrift
Mid all that midnight noise,
When they should be fast-tucked in bed
And dreaming of their toys.

And older girls who went their ways
In ones, or twos, or more,
Some faces lovelier far than I
Had ever seen before,

Although I wondered at their looks
And at the clothes they wore.

Some met me with a smiling face,
And some of them half-bowed,
I could not help but think that they
Mistook me in the crowd,
Although at times I met with some
Who even spoke aloud.

It seemed so odd to me because,
Not used to city ways,
I had been taught old-fashioned things
That ruled in other days,
And that these strangers spoke to me
Did me somewhat amaze.

They spoke to other men they met
And sometimes stopped and talked,
'Twas strange,—but I was country-bred,—
I own that I was shocked,
Especially when pairing-off
Down some side-street they walked.

And flaunting women minced along
Whose painted faces bore
A wanton look enhanced by art
And by the smiles they wore,—

I thought of one who poured the nard
And kissed His feet of yore.

And men of every age were there,
And every walk in life,
Who stared in every painted face
Their eyes with lusting rife,
One ogled his own smirking child,
One goggled at his wife.

That youth an anguished mother's prayer
Has followed far and wide,
Of work and want she died for him,
A widowed mother's pride,
His memory of her died with her,
'Twere better had he died.

And here is one a foolish love
From every toil would save,
A wicked love, for toil alone
Can make men true and brave;—
That sotted satyr-face,—My God,
I thank Thee for the grave.

There one who plighted troth last night,
That other wed last week,
And he who in the solemn court
With vibrant voice did speak

Her doom who bowed in shame to-day,—
To-night what does he seek?

And some who helped to make the laws
Were moving in that crowd,
Aye, some who'd raised a hand to bless,
Or shrive, poor sinners bowed;—
“Ah, God! My God! and—what is man?”
I almost cried aloud.

I watched them up and down the blocks
As two and two they paired,
And made a hasty sly retreat,
Or boldly walked and stared
Until they reached the house of death
To which their feet all fared.

The house of sin, disease, and death,
It is not hard to find,
Who seeks can hardly go astray,
The road is well defined,
So many steps are set that way
You'll reach it though you're blind.

There youth and age unshamed defile
The fairest gifts of Heaven,
The maiden cheated in her love,
To lechery now given,

In passion and despair defies
God's warning and His levin.

The wife,—ah, see her now a bride,
The blushing happy face,
Corrupted by a brutal mate,
Or exiled from her place,
Here seeks to drown the hateful past,
Nor cares for her disgrace.

That mother,—yes, in other days
She crooned a lullaby,
Or, crowned with love's sweet mystery,
Hushed her dear baby's cry,—
'Tis bread, just bread, to-night she seeks,
She's so afraid to die!

Yes, bread she seeks, just bread to live
A life she did not crave,
And bread to live the city needs,
The Bread of Life He gave
Who saves from sorrow, sin and shame,
Starvation and the grave.

I donned my coat and hat that night
And went upon the street,
My searching eager eyes intent
On all I chanced to meet,

For I had heard the Night reveals
The city's life complete.

The city's streets in part reveal
The city in the night,
The whole is known to One alone,
None else could bear the sight,
And He alone, all-merciful,
Will judge, and judge aright.

THE DAY

On Serbia now press home your lawful suit
For strict amends to your deep-injured throne,
The time is ripe, our seed is now in fruit,
And all the justice of your claim must own;
The day,—The Day!—has dawned for us at
length,

Our armies, stores, munitions, all at hand,
Strike hard and fast, put forth your utmost
strength,

My empire's might is all at your command.

Our foes unready all to take the field

Will balk before the Prussian wild, tusked
boar,

The bear and leopard to our threats will yield,

The lion lash his sides with helpless roar;

To Serbia, then, your brave battalions lead,

'Tis might that rules,—The Day! The Day!

God speed!

THE JUDGE

And is it right for nations to betray
By broken faith their feeble friends and
smite

With murderous hands and God's great
visions slay?

More cruel they than Nero's dreadful night,
Fierce counterfeits of men, who, treacherous,
sign

The solemn pact of peace and falsely swear
And earth with brothers' blood incarnadine,
Nor babes, nor maids, nor youthful mothers
spare.

Is there no Judge of Right? Not one to shield
Heaven's helpless heirs, the weaker nations
save?

Must we too, dazed, like Hell's lost spirits,
yield

To Satan's wiles by Freedom's bloody grave?
With Freedom dead—dead are the true, the
just,

While Satan laughs aloud—and Christ is dust.

REIMS

Eternal wisdom, who didst give to man
A share of Thine eternal mind and heart
That he, like Thee, with thought and love
might plan

Fair homes and shrines upbuilt by Wisdom's
art

For Thine and Thee; 'twas love of Thee in-
spired

The Master Builders of the mighty fanes,
Whose towering beauty to Thine eyes aspired,
Man's pledge that earth to Thee alone
pertains.

Since that far day, in awe, our fathers raised
The stone that bore man's earliest sacrifice
Outcast of gods and men was he appraised,
On earth abhorred, accursed in Paradise,
One sacred altar who dared desecrate,—
Thy ruin, Reims, foredooms thy tyrant's fate.

EDITH CAVELL

For Thee she wrought with Mercy's pitying
hands,

Thy mangled brothers soothing in their pain,
Unheeding self, but heeding Thy commands,
By Mercy led, not counting loss or gain.
Eternal Mercy Thou! from Thee she came,
And she her heavenly heritage would prove
By heavenly deeds: not all who call Thy name
Their birthright hold by life attesting love.
Her woman's heart was burdened with the woe
Of broken, hunted, wounded men, and she
Heaven's mercy showed alike to friend and foe.
Both Christ and Kaiser claimed her loyalty;
She chose the Christ, His doom prepared to
meet,

The Kaiser killed her,—Christ—He kissed her
feet.

TO AMERICA

My spirit grieves, America, for thee;
In days long gone thy valiant children fought
And made thee Freedom's sacred sanctuary.
The earth's oppressed thy shielding bosom
sought
That they thy peaceful greatness too might
share;
With loving arms thou drewest to thy breast
And mad'st the stranger in thy house thine
heir,
And, blessing, thought'st of him that thou
wert blessed.
What blessing hides in his outreaching hand?
A foreign hate? or help and love for thee?
Let him beware! Thy sons in millions stand
Around thy knees, O Mother, brave and free!
My grief, that one thy gracious love should
scorn:
They love thee best who, free, are free men
born.

SUSPIRIA

No name I crave, or great or small,
The millions pass and rarely one
Attains to fame, and I recall
Stars Earth has never looked upon.

To kindle hopes that once were bright,
Or shine where light has never shone,
This more than fame would me requite,
My song a joyful benison.

THE LAST SUNSET

Stand farther off, let in the light,
Your shadow dims it ere it fall;
I need one last look ere the night
Becomes too deep to see at all,
One look at all this hallowed place
Before I meet Him face to face.

No, no, I have no fear of Him,
No fear of death which now is near;
My earthly eyes are growing dim,
But in my soul I ever hear
The whisp'rings low that softly tell
Me to rejoice for "All is well."

I cannot see, the light is gone;
Come near and bless me ere I go,—
Nay, do not weep, the light that shone
On Olivet enfolds me so;
'Tis Love eternal calls,—I come,
Yes, Father, yes,—I'm coming home.

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